Haue ſtrooke more terror to the ſoule of Richard,
Then can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand ſouldiers
Armed in proofe, and led by ſhallow Richmond.
Tis not yet neare day, come goe with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the ewe-ſe-dropper,
To heare if any meane to ſhrinke from me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lords. Good morrow Richmond.

Rich. Crie mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie ſluggard here.

Lor. How haue you ſlept my Lord?

Rich. The ſweeteſt ſleepe, and faireſt boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowſie head,
Haue I ſince your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their ſoules, whoſe bodies Richard murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie:
I promiſe you my ſoule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of ſo faire a dreame.
How farre into the morning is it Lords?

Lor. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.

Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue ſaid, louing countrymen, *(His Oration to*
The leiſure and inforcement of the time, *(his ſouldiers:*
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cauſe, fight vpon our ſide,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged ſoules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, ſtand before our faces,
Richard except, those whom we fight againſt,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,
A bloudy tyrant, and a homicide.
One raiſde in bloud, and one in bloud eſtabliſhed:
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughtered those that were the meanes to helpe him:
A baſe foule ſtone, made precious by the ſoile
Of Englands chaire, where he is falſly ſet,
One that hath euer bene Gods enemie:
Then if you fight againſt Gods enemie,
God will in iuſtice ward you as his ſouldiers:
If you do ſweare to put a tyrant downe,

You

Line 6. To see —.
Line 16th Sweate.

of Ri

You ſleepe in peace, the ty
If you do fight againſt you
Your countries fat, ſhall pa
If you do fight in ſafegard
Your wiues ſhall welcome
If you do free your childr
Your childrens children
Then in the name of God
Aduance your ſtandards,
For me, the ranſome of m
Shall be this cold corpes
But if I thriue, the gaine o
The leaſt of you ſhall ſha
Sound drums and trump
God, and Saint George,

Enter K

King. What ſaid Nortl
Rat. That he was neu
King. He ſaid the truth
Rat. He ſmiled and ſa
King. He was in the r
Tell the clocke there.
Giue me a Kalendre, wl
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he diſdain
He ſhould haue brau'd t
A blacke day will it be t
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sunne wi
The skie doth frowne a
I would theſe deawie te
Not ſhine to day: why
More then to Richmo
That frownes on me l

Ner. Arme, arme, r
King. Come, huſtle
Call vp Lord Stanly, b
I will lead forth my ſo

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 THE BODLEIAN LIBRAR